

Boston, Dec. 17, 1836.

Dear Henry:

47 A week ago, to-day, I was standing by the bed-side of him who is no longer in the flesh, — your venerated father. It was a painful occasion; yet that hope which is as an anchor to the soul, "both sure and steadfast," sustained us all. Nothing but christianity can reconcile us to the loss of near and dear friends; nothing but Christ revealed within us, can rob death of its sting, and the grave of its terrors. It was the consolation of afflicted Job — "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." How are they to be pitied who have no hope in their death!

You will see, by to-day's Liberator, that I have given a brief, imperfect and feeble tribute to the memory of your father. A much more extended and elaborate notice ought to be prepared, without unnecessary delay. I hope you, and bro. Genge, and mother, and the dear sisters, will all see to it, that his letters, papers and pamphlets are carefully preserved for examination. No doubt much useful and important matter is embodied in them, which ought to be selected and published, not merely in respect to the dead, but to benefit the living.

You must be careful not to brood gloomily over your recent bereavement. Be grateful that your sire was not removed at an earlier period — and let your continual petition to your Maker be, "Thy will be done," not merely in some but in all things — not merely at a particular period, but always. It is criminal to repine at the dispensations of the Almighty. If we are creatures of clay, must we not expect our earthly tabernacles to crumble?

We shall never be able to exclaim, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" until we have first died unto sin - crucified the old man with his lusts - put on the new man who is after Christ - and risen in spirit with Him who is able to save all who believe in him. He in whom the Saviour dwells can never be surprised by calamity or death - he has entered into rest, even while in the flesh. With Paul he can say, "For me to live is Christ," i. e. to bear his cross, follow in his footsteps, and do his work - "but to die is gain" - gain to be delivered from suffering, and poverty, and decay, and all the ills which flesh is heir to.

You may say to bro. George, (as I presume he will be in Brooklyn when this arrives,) that it was not his fault - I am sure it was not mine - that we (Helen, little G. T. and myself) did not get to Boston in good season on Wednesday afternoon; but, in consequence of waiting for the steam-boat train, we did not reach home till after 7 o'clock in the evening - two hours later than we should have been, had we taken the 3 o'clock train, as we might have done, and intended to do. How did that happen? brother G. will ask. Thus - the steam-boat train did not leave till a quarter to 4 o'clock, and then was detained on the road upwards of an hour in waiting for an opposite train. But no matter - it is a trivial affair, and I mention it merely to let bro. G. know how we missed a figure in our calculation - and to draw from it this moral: never wait for a second train of cars in expectation of arriving sooner than the first at your place of destination, when there is but a single ^{train.} ~~train.~~ Luckily, our boy slept soundly all the way. He was really delighted on his return, for he seems ready to discriminate between being at home and abroad, and to feel that there is a difference. His cold is much better than it was in Brooklyn, but he has not regained his rosy cheeks.

On Thursday and Friday, I called at Dr. Harrington's office, and ascertained that he was not in the city. I have seen him to-day, however, as he has just returned from Nantucket, having been called to visit a sick patient upon that island. In reply to your letter, he desired me to say, that he was sorry to learn you did not feel quite so well, though it was natural that the sickness and death of your father should have a depressing effect upon your spirits, and consequently upon your system. He most cheerfully assents to your going to Providence, and trying the Thompsonian course, and advises you to do so—desiring, however, that you would begin moderately, and as judiciously as possible; that bro. George should be with you, (in whom he has great confidence,) and that you would apprise him (Dr. H.) from time to time, of the effect of the application. He will still counsel and assist you to the utmost of his ability, and continues to speak quite encouragingly as to your recovery. Your snuff will be prepared, and sent either to Brooklyn or Providence, as you shall desire, without delay. He says it will not be at all necessary for him to be with you at Providence—let bro. G. be with you, and he will be satisfied. I trust, therefore, dear Henry, that you will leave Brooklyn with all convenient despatch, and try the new remedy, having faith in its utility, though not expecting a miracle.

On her return from Brooklyn, Helen took cold in one of her breasts, so that it became very troublesome, and threatened to break. Charlotte gave her a famous remedy, of some kind, to cure it, which had no effect whatever. Fortunately, when she got home, she found a piece of Dr. Harrington's plaster, applied it to her breast, and in thirty minutes it was cured!

I have received a letter from Gerrit Smith, enclosing a check of \$50 upon the Utica Bank, as a donation to help sustain the Liberator, "which paper," he says, "is, and ever should be, ^{dearer} ~~dearer~~ to the heart of the thorough American abolitionist, than any other anti-slavery periodical. It broke ground in our great and holy cause. It has been, and still is, a most able and eloquent defender of that cause; and whatever may have been its errors, they have not sprung from dishonesty or timidity. The discontinuance of the Liberator would be deeply reprehensible to our abolitionists, and would furnish the enemy with an occasion for the wildest exultation. It would be also exceedingly cruel to yourself,

to subject you to the painful necessity of seeing your paper die for the want of patronages." After the wide difference which has existed between us, and the many severe things I have written in reference to his colonization conduct, is not the donation generous, and the panegyric still more liberal? Noble man! not ashamed to praise that which he once repudiated. What would Joseph Tracy and Leonard Bacon say, were I to publish his letter? Perhaps I shall yet do so, as no prohibition is contained in it - though it is not probable that he intended it for publication. He evidently is willing I should do with it as I think proper.

J. R. McDowall is dead. What friends of virtue will not mourn at the tidings? He is a world's loss - yet how was he hated and persecuted! What a weight of glory is his!

Singlet. - Paid.

PAID

Mr. Henry C. Benson,

Brooklyn,
St.

Our esteemed friend Mary S. Parker is still confined to her room. I have not seen her since ^{she} was taken sick. Eliza is also quite sick in the same room. As for myself, I have been very hoarse with a cold, since my return. - Am taking the Balsam of Siverwort, which helps me. Dear Helen is very well, but much confined with little George. - She, and the Parkers, and all, and Mrs. Drew, and friends Knapp, send love and good wishes to you in abundance. My next letter will probably, addressed to mother. Love to all, from the deep fountain of my heart. Yours, truly, Wm. Lloyd Garrison.